

the marvels of New Switzerland, were filled with constant admiration of the luxuriant vegetation, which is far finer than that of Cape Colony.

And yet they were only in the part of the island which was left to itself, and had never been touched by the hand of man ! What would it be like when they came to the cultivated portion of the district, to the farms at Eberfurt, Sugar-cane Grove, Wood Grange, and Prospect Hill, the rich territory of the Promised Land ?

Game abounded everywhere—agoutis, peccaries, cavies, antelopes, and rabbits, besides bustards, partridges, grouse, hazel-hens, guinea fowls, and ducks. Fritz and Frank had good reason to regret not having their sporting guns with them. The cavies and peccaries and agoutis would not let any one come near them, and it seemed likely that they would be reduced to finishing what was left of their provisions for their next meal.

But then the question of food was resolved by a stroke of luck.

About eleven o'clock, Fritz, walking in front, made a sign for everyone to stop at the edge of a little clearing crossed by a narrow

stream, on the
--bank of which an animal was
quenching its thirst.

It was an antelope, and it meant
wholesome and
refreshing meat if only they could
contrive* to
capture it somehow I

The simplest plan seemed to be to
make a ring

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